The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 4.

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OCTOBER 11, 1890.

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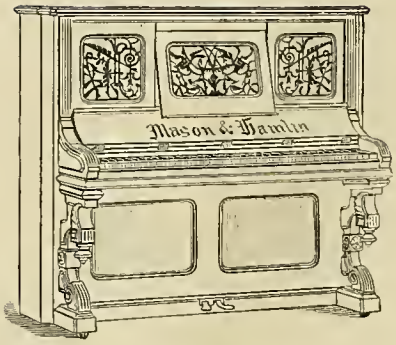

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 11, 1890. No. 4

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

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CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

THE Chapel Fund Association is now three years old. The Seniors remember vividly the hearty enthusiasm of the Seniors of '88, who so valiantly assailed the ever increasing difficulity. Putting their shoulders to the wheel with a will they gave the new association a worthy impetus. Its object was then, as now, to raise a hundred thousand dollars, with which to build a new chapel. In three years the united efforts of seven hundred girls have resulted in somewhat over five thousand dollars. At this rate, sixty years would elapse before the required amount could be collected, and in 1950 Wellesley would have a new chapel. Our grandchildren might enjoy its privileges, but our children would have to encounter the same trials that we now undergo.

Let us then realize that we have not given this matter the attention it demands. To the Seniors the fact that only four invitations, frequently not enough to go around a family, are possible at Commencement, ought to appeal strongly. The other classes would do well to consider this, too, for, according to present indications, they will be Seniors before the new chapel adorns one of the hills beside Lake Waban.

Athletic enthusiasm does not run high this fall at Wellesley. The managers of the tennis tournament find that among the tennis players interest is considerably less evident than last year at this time. This fact is at once shown from examination of the entries for the tournament. Five teams are registered for doubles; eleven have entered singles. These numbers are much smaller than those of last year, when part of the tournament had to be left over until the spring.

These figures cannot represent all the good tennis players in College. All those who entered last year could as well enter again this year, for no '90 girls took part in the last tournament; and our two hundred Freshmen must include many who play well.

Not only among the especially good players does interest seem lacking, but among the girls in general. It is not a difficult matter to secure a court for almost any hour of the day. The girls play but little. It is unfortunate that such excellent exercise should not be more freely indulged in here, where we have abundant opportunlty to enjoy it.

This fall the crowded chapel does not allow us for a single day to forget how pressing is our need in this direction. Each morning as we sit closely packed together, the feeling of discomfort experienced by all the students makes them look forward longingly to the time when the new chapel, large enough for all, and with room to spare, shall be a substantial reality.

But even a sense of personal inconvenience

does not seem to rouse us to take active measures toward accomplishingithe end we all desire. We are too apt to reflect,—"There is the Chapel Fund Association to look out for the business of the new chapel," not considering that a body of a dozen or more girls cannot accomplish the huge task alone. The work must be shared by all in common. Every student who enters the College is a member of the Chapel Fund Association; and not only a member, but an active member, if the Association is to accomplish its purpose.

All those interested in the Student's Association, and those who do not know much about it and would like to know more, are referred to an article on the subject appearing in this number. As its name implies, it should be of interest to all students. Every student on entering College pledges herself to abide by the College rules, and an Association whose object is to help in keeping that pledge, naturally would interest all the students.

A MAN ALL ALONE.

Once there was a man, and he was all alone; all alone in a great city, in the midst of hundreds and thousands of people, all alone. And nobody cared.

He lived in a little narrow house, wedged in between two other little narrow houses; in a little narrow street, wedged in between two other little narrow streets. All the other little houses in the little street were filled to overflowing, but he lived all alone. He had lived there a long, long time, and people had been born in the little street, had been born, and had grown up, and had married, and a few had died; and the man had charged nothing for his medicine, for the people were poor. And he had lived there all that time, all alone.

He was a quiet man, and they were a noisy people; and their children jabbered in the French *patois*, and cried, and quarreled, and sailed their orange peelings in the gutter before his door; and he never looked annoyed, and never scolded; and they were not afraid of him; but they never ran to meet him, never spoke to him, nor he to them, for he was a quiet man.

He never told them anything about his life, these people: it was his life, not theirs, and they had had no part in it. And they, ignorant, unimaginative, wasted but little thought upon him. They knew he was respectable, which was more than could be said of some of themselves; and they knew his tastes and thoughts were not the same as theirs. They did not care for him, and they did not reason why. Such people never do.

And the people who lived out of the little street, and in the great houses, and rode in carriages, if they heard of him at all, called him "a quack," and only thought of him as a man with a wart on his nose, who kept ugly things in glass jars, and alcohol, on shelves in his office, and claimed to be able to cure ugly diseases with his own medicines. They did not care for him, and they did not reason why. Such people never do.

And so it was that he was all alone, and nobody cared, nobody; not even he. He didn't expect people to care: he never searched their faces for a gleam of interest as they sat in his little office; he knew they had business of their own to think of. He was not sensitive about it; or if he was he did not know it.

Day after day, day after day, he sat in the little office, all alone.

It was an ugly little office, with shelves around two sides of the walls, and glass jars with silvery things in them, on the shelves; and the floor was bare; and everything was clean and free from dust, and everything stood against the wall—the wardrobe, the desk, the skeleton, the coffin, and the three chairs.

In the wardrobe there was a suit of clothes of black broadcloth, and also a piece of black broadcloth; and every year the man gave away the suit of black broadcloth which he wore, put on the suit which hung in the wardrobe, had the piece made into a suit, and bought another piece; and he had done this year after year; and the people knew he did it, for they wore the cast-off clothes; but they never questioned why he did it. They would have wondered why the Dago at the corner should do it, and they would have asked him his reasons; but this man was not of their kind; they did not care. They had the clothes.

And the skeleton was a baby skeleton, and it sat under a glass case and grinned. And it had two sets of teeth: the baby teeth that were being

pushed out, and the second teeth that were forming: four rows in all; and it grinned.

And the coffin was in the corner behind the door, propped up lengthwise against the wall; and there wasn't anything in it, but there had been, for one day the man had gotten in and had had the lid closed, and doubtless he expected to get in again, for when he came out he had the lid taken off, and an oval glass put in, so that it might not bend back the three long hairs which grew from the wart on his nose. And the door of the office could never be opened quite wide, because of the coffin behind it; and the people knew it was there; but they didn't care; it wasn't their coffin, so they called this man "a crank" and thought no more about it; it wasn't a pleasant thing to think about, anyhow.

Every morning the man dusted the office, beginning with the glass jars and ending with the coffin; and then he sat at his desk and held office hours till noon. Sometimes there were patients, sometimes there were none. He had no advertisement in the papers; he didn't seem to care if no one came; he just sat there and read, and dozed, and waited.

But at noon he ate his dinner, and then, if the day were fine, he put on his hat, locked his door, and went out, beyond—somewhere. Nobody in the little street knew where, and nobody cared. But in one of the principal cemeteries of the city the man had a tomb, and he watched over it carefully, and kept it as neat and spotless as the bare little office. It was a tomb of rough granite, finished off on the inside, where three square marble slabs marked the places for the caskets; and it was closed on the outside by a marble slab, hung on hinges like a door and fastened by a spring lock. Upon this marble door it was written that here lay the man's wife, aged twenty-four years; here lay his only son, aged twenty-four hours; and lastly, here lay the man himself, aged——. That was all of his family history he had ever vouchsafed to the public, and that was written on a tombstone. A queer man! Yes, certainly a queer man.

One day, one hot summer day, he came out to his tomb as was his wont, and after uprooting a few weeds that had dared to show their heads near the sacred precincts since the day before, he opened the door and looked into the tomb. It was a hot day, and there was a damp smell, and a clammy coldness, about the interior of the little oblong place, that were refreshing after the glistening white hotness of the other tombs. So he sat down on the stone floor and took a newspaper from his jacket. Then up from across the lake there came a little breeze, that scarcely stirred the heavy leaves on the magnolia trees, but the marble slab so nicely balanced on its hinges, so ready to move even without a breeze, swung to, and closed with a click, and the key was outside in the lock.

The man folded his paper, put it in his pocket and sat there a few minutes in the dark. He was not at all alarmed, for without doubt someone would notice the key and open the door. He could live comfortably for some hours, and he was not a man to excite himself needlessly. He concluded to bring a chair with him the next time he came, as it would be more comfortable than sitting on the floor, and then the place would be quite a cool little summer-house. So he speculated idly on various subjects, leaning his head against the wall.

Outside it was still and dusty, and the tombs and paths glared bright, in the hot light, and nobody passed by to see the little key in the lock; and nobody knew that here lay truly, behind the white slab, lastly himself, aged——.

It was dark in the tomb, as dazzling in blackness, as the white glare without in its whiteness; but the man closed his eyes and leaned his head against the wall and waited.

An hour he sat there, thinking, thinking of many things. Of the wife, perchance, aged twenty-four years, about whom nobody in all the city had ever bothered his imagination. About whom nobody had ever wondered whether or no she were pretty or plain, dark or fair, happy or miserable; whether she had come from across the sea or over the land. Whether she had gone home with the baby, the little only son, or whether she had grieved for him awhile among the jars, and the alcohol, and the shivery things; or whether there had been any shivery things before she died, aged twenty-four years. And the man could have told them all, how it came about, but nobody cared to know.

And so he sat thinking and perhaps sometimes he smiled, but it was dark, and nobody could have seen it he had.

And in the second hour, perhaps he thought of the little office, and the note in the suit of clothes which hung in the wardrobe, telling the people how to bury him when he should die; and perhaps he thought too of what they would say if he were to die in there, were to be suffocated and never go back alive to the little office; and perhaps he thought they might say he did it on purpose; and perhaps he smiled some more in the dark, but nobody saw.

He had no fear of death, this man, no longing after life.

So he sat for another hour with his eyes closed—thinking, thinking, till his thoughts twisted themselves into dreams, somehow, and then into nothings, and he was fast asleep.

Outside it was a little cooler, and the magnolia leaves moved gently, and there was more shade; and a locust on a tree was buzzing, and the noise came through the stones of the tomb, but the man slept on. — — — —

One hour, two hours, a half an hour, and the man awoke. He didn't wake with a start; he just opened his eyes to the darkness and knew where he was. He knew that on these summer days he often took naps five or six hours long; he knew that if he had done so today he had been in that narrow little place more that eight hours; he knew it was air tight, he knew it was close; he knew he had no particular desire to live; he knew he was not afraid to die; and yet he pounded on the marble slab with his fists and called aloud.—But nobody heard.

He knew it was close, he knew it was close, but he imagined it was closer. He couldn't sit still any longer with his head against the wall and his eyes closed, but he crawled on his hands and knees backwards and forwards in the narrow little place, and didn't think why he did it, but only knew he must get out, and it was so close. So he knocked again and called, but nobody came. And the locust buzzed and stopped, and buzzed and stopped again.

The man crawled backwards and forwards, and once he felt around for the chair; then he remembered there wasn't any chair, and he snarled in the darkness like a dog. Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, thinking all the time; if he could stop thinking he believed it would not be so close; his thoughts were absorbing the air, they were taking it all away, all the air, but he couldn't stop, and it was so close.

He sat still a minute and took his watch from his pocket and held it to his ear. It was still ticking but it might stop any moment; and he held it in his hand and forgot about it; but the ticking mingled with his thinking and neither would stop; they were running a race.

He put his hands to his ears to shut out the sound but the watch was in his hand and it ticked louder than ever, and the man dashed it from him and heard it crash against the walls; then he remembered that he would not know how long he had been in there, for he could have told by the stopping of the watch, and he howled again, and beat upon the wall and screamed.—But nobody heard.

Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, faster than before; and the locust began to buzz. The sound came through the stone wall, and the man thought there were wheels in his head and they were grinding out thoughts, and they wouldn't stop; the tomb was full of thoughts and there wasn't any air, he was breathing thoughts and they choked him, and he couldn't stop thinking. He shrieked and gnashed his teeth, and crouched down on the floor, and leaped up with all his force; and his head struck against the roof of the tomb so that he fell down on the floor again in a heap. He lay there stunned a minute; then he felt something wet tickling over his face, and the thoughts were all coming out of his head, and they were wet, and the buzzing wouldn't stop. The thoughts were wet, all wet, and they trickled into his eyes and blinded him, though it was dark, and into his mouth and choked him, and he couldn't breathe, and the stones were wet under his head and he couldn't stop thinking. — — — — — The locust had burst its shell.

It was dark in the tomb, and something lay on the floor; something that did not see, nor hear, nor move, nor speak; something that did not think.

By and bye somebody came along and opened the door. *Florence Converse, '92.*

AD FIDEM.—HENRY F. DURANT.

"*Qui nunquam quievit quiescit.*"

FOR THE REUNION OF WELLESLEY ALUMNÆ AT HOTEL VENDOME, JUNE 28, 1882.

I.

This is the first new summer since he died
Who with his firm resolve found grace to blend
The poet's fancy, fondly wise to tend,
For our sakes whom he loved, by Waban side
The early opening buds of shy springtide,
Graceful analogy he bade them lend
For the soul-culture that should theirs transcend.
We were his buds; our June should be his pride.
We will not seek with trembling hands to weave,
In reaching garlands that shall span the sight,
The all-too-fragile tributes we may leave,—
These florets of our verse: loosely and light
We let them fall, as wavering petals might,
Covering with hope the loss for which we grieve.

II.

Into what key shall glide the lingering strain?—
The slow, sad minor that laments the dead?
Or the strong paean, with exultant tread
Timing the march to victory and gain?
Shall the fond heart the happy past arraign
Virtue on virtue, grace on grace to plead
Till whoso runs shall be constrained to read
The record of a work without a stain?
To the quick soul, past moments flung aside
No more like perishable vestments cling!
Success and failure lose their shame or pride,
And death, by Christ's sure balm, doth lose its sting,
But faith and hope and love—these three abide;
His love—hope—faith—these three alone we sing.

III.

Behold a sower who went forth to sow;
And in his hand he held a single seed,
And queried, "Shall it be a flower or weed?"
And trusted it unto the earth below,
Saying, "If it be God's, let seasons show!
From fetters of the brain that wrapped it, freed,
The hidden thought becomes the shining deed;
And let it perish, if it be not so!"
Death called the eager sower, hushing fear
With promise: "Other eyes the watch shall keep,
And it shall come to pass that, while thou sleep,
The growth thou hopest shall in strength appear,—
The blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear.—
And lo! the reapers shall go forth to reap."

IV.

However glad the days that we have spent,
We trust that gladder days are yet to be.
Crossing we know not what of stream or sea,
In wealthier vineyards we shall pitch a tent,
With Eschol's heavier clusters downward bent.
And yet we need not think regretfully
Of him, our leader and our guide, for he
By faith had seen it all before he went.
From the slow-gathering shades wherein he stood,
He spake as the belovéd patriarch spake:
"I die,—but God shall visit you with good;
You shall go up, my children, and shall take
My prayer, my plan, my purpose for your sake,
Into your promised land of womanhood."

V.

The inspiration of his presence breathed
On us for whom he toiled. How did we know
The voice that never softened toward a foe,
The warrior-heart whose sword was seldom sheathed?
That heart our daily tasks with beauty wreathed;
That ringing voice still bids us onward go,
And ours it is in faithfulness to show
How dear a gift that life to us bequeathed.
Give honor unto whom bright honor's due,
Call him the gentlest friend we ever knew,—
Where trust and strength were needed, strong and true,
And being of his finished life possessed,
Let it be tried by this immortal test,—
Look how we loved him, we who knew him best.

VI.

What loyalty would he have held most dear?
Should we in timorous allegiance cower?
Or from brave Progress claim her ample dower;—
Less heedful of the wish he uttered here
Than of his larger, purer wish,—made clear
In God's good time, as Heoven, with quiet power
And safe transforming, shapes it hour by hour,
And we in patience learn it year by year?
We wrong the blessèd dead if we suppose
Heaven widens not his thought beyond the rim
Of mortal insight or of earthbound whim;
His will in God's the future must disclose.
Outward and onward still the current flows:
"Forward, not backward," must we look to *him*.

VII.

"Let it be Christ's," he said; and yet again,
"Let it be Christ's;" and this one choice was all.
Lesser desires, designs, may fail and fall,
However close unto the hearts of men;
May withering cling as shapely leaves do when
The growing stalk shoots upward straight and tall,
Rearing above the human-fashioned wall
Its heavenly blossom. Rudely, until then,
The leaf had typified the flower that came.
A friend's soft hand may pluck it now away
To treasure, or a hostile foot may blame
And trample; the same sap the vital aim,

Climbs to the flower whereon all glances stay
And none its fragrant symmetry gainsay.

VIII.

We knew that we were called to toil and fight,
Yet loitering on the skirts of life we stayed;
Some lightly with its burnished weapons played;
And some stood still in wonder and affright;
And some took boldly up the cause of right,
And in slight skirmishes a trial made.
Scattered in groups, unmarshalled, unarrayed,
What summons for the conflict should unite?
At last grave Death, commanding angel, spoke;
Took up the trumpet as he knoweth how;
With one clear blast the dreamful waiting broke!
We who have never toiled take up the yoke;
With praise and singing to its pressure bow,—
While he who never rested, resteth now.

Mary Russell Bartlett, '79.

HEART-FELT.

To me the early violets of the year,
Down in the grass, the first home-carried spray
Of orchard apple-blossom, the first day
With touch of balm and color after drear
White solitudes, can give more wondrous cheer
Than mid-June beauty—so, to me, the lay
Of one bird, as he sings alone, can say
Things that are sweeter, to the heart more near
Than joys of woodland chorus—and no bright
Exquisite sunset ever yet, I know
Hath touched the finer, the diviner chords
Of half-sweet sorrow and half-sad delight
Touched by one garnet line across the snow,
Seen through black boughs, deserted of their birds.

M. S. A., Sp., '87-'88.

THE STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION.

A little over twelve months ago, two Wellesley Seniors returned from the summer vacation full of a new plan for creating a factor in college life which should not only influence us while here, but should aid in making strong and helpful women for the world's wider work. They hoped that all would unite in promoting that independence which is the result of self-regulating, scholarly work and the breadth of culture which comes from varied recreation and inspiriting social life. The hearty co-operation of the Faculty and of President Shafer in particular, was a most material aid in carrying out their plans. The gradual outgrowth of this thought was the Students' Association, organized April 25, 1890.

The aims of the Association are briefly stated in the following preamble to the constitution.

"We, the undersigned, believing that our aims as college students can be obtained only by self-government and self-control, in order to place ourselves under conditions which will enable us to do more scholarly work, gain more enjoyment from social pleasures, and surround ourselves with a quiet and wholesome atmosphere, do hereby resolve ourselves into an organization whose object shall be to carry out the purposes stated in this preamble."

The Association has endeavored to make the constitution so broad that no one having at heart the real interests of the higher education of women, can fail to receive for her sympathy and co-operation a hearty welcome into its membership.

At present, the Association consists of a number of students who have bound themselves to respect the laws of the college and to live up to their best understanding of the life of a college woman. But it is the hope and confident expectation of some, that before many years have passed over our Alma Mater, the Association will have proved itself worthy to have some voice in the decision of college questions. The authorities have already shown themselves, not only willing but anxious to make us as far as possible self-governing. It is for us to show our hearty appreciation of their efforts, and this Association offers one means of doing it.

There are, now, but two bylaws which bear directly on the actions of the members.

"Bylaw I. Every member of this Association shall consider herself in *honor bound* to acknowledge and observe the occupied hours of herself and other students."

"Bylaw II. Every member of this Association shall consider herself in *honor bound* to refrain from disturbing the occupants of the library and reading-rooms by unnecessary communication and noise."

These rules are not intended to preclude or restrict fun, but rather to economise the energy

and time so frequently lost through the disregard of our right by others.

Every member is presented with a celluloid card which indicates her occupied hours. One word about the use of these cards. They are not intended as ornaments, for the door to be left out while the owners are in recitation or taking exercise. They are not a good joke. They are not a safeguard against people whom one does not like and a fine password for intimate friends. To drop the negative, they *are* definite announcements of carefully formed plans and should be respected with business-like courtesy.

It is not feasible to extend to seven hundred people, individual invitations to unite with us, nor would we wish to urge the step upon any who do not appreciate its importance, but we shall be heartily glad to have all who are interested in this movement, present at our next meeting.

Signed, Amy Morris Mothershead, '91.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.

Perhaps you would think it quite ordinary and commonplace,—just a large, white country-house with very green blinds,—but you would be mistaken. I have known it since I was a little child and, I assure you, it is one of the most imposing structures I have ever seen. It looks out upon the world, and time, and changing fashion so squarely, and with an air so firm and uncompromising; those green blinds close with such conscious importance over the mysteries within, or extend such stately, dignified greetings, that I am sure you would approach my Great-grandmother's house with the most profound respect.

It stands with one long side facing the road, while the front windows in the gable end look out into a charming old-fashioned flower-garden and, beyond that, across the meadow to the "corners" and the blacksmith's shop, and to what was once the mill, but has long been a lonely ruin which we children dared each other to explore when we felt unusually brave. If we went into the country for our summer vacation, the days most eagerly anticipated and longest remembered were those we spent at Great-grandmother's. Many a time have we gone together along the dusty country road to the gate in the long white fence, stopped just inside to drink and to investigate the well, so fascinating to us city-bred youngsters, bestowed longing glances on an over-laden plum tree and entered rather timidly at the side door where we were met by Great-grandmother's sole companion, Beauty, a large white and yellow sheep-dog who rose from her rug in the entry and gravely escorted us to the sitting-room, where Great-grandmother sat at the window reading her favorite New York paper. She was very brisk and active in spite of her more than ninety years,—a tall old lady who wore a black lace cap and a black gown besprinkled with tiny white figures, and who was always ready for a visit with the children.

The first hour or so we always spent at her feet, answering her questions about our home and our friends, and listening to her reminiscences of her own younger days. We never failed to ask for the story of her journey from her eastern home to the wild western frontier which she has seen changed into the beautiful farming country of southern New York. She would tell us of the long, tedious journey, when railroads were unknown, and there were only rough and ill-kept roads; of how few houses there were along the lonely river-road, at the point where we have been brought up as city children; of how there were bears and wolves in the forests, and the travellers were compelled to protect themselves against robbers and all kinds of dangers; of how she came with her husband into this wild country, and herself felled some of the trees for their little, log house; of how she killed the bear just as he was running off with her squealing pig; of how she planted the garden, and kept the house and made the clothing. Our eyes would shine with excitement as we were transported in imagination into that wonderful old-time world. Then she would tell us of our own father as a little boy who used to come and crack nuts on the smooth stone beside Grandmother's hearth, and beg for ginger-bread, and play with the fascinating "box-shears" that were always kept with the candlestick, and who was once so naughty as cruelly to jounce the little dog off the plank-bridge into the brooklet so he would "sing."

After the stories were told the regular tour of inspection began. First, there was the sitting-room

with the generous fire-place, the mantel-shelf, full of wonderful vases and china cats and dogs and shepherds and shepherdesses, the chimney cupboards high above our heads from whose mysterious depths Great-grandmother would hand down such queer old books with hard names and long, old-fashioned *s's* that puzzled us sorely, and, on the walls, such marvellously-colored prints of George Washington and Martha, of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and of the signing of the Declaration, of LaFayette and of the tomb of Washington.

Then there was the parlor. That was truly an awful room, still and cool and vast. We stood in solemn wonder until our eyes became accustomed to the darkness and we could see the great green and red squares of the carpet and the green shades at the windows. Then we moved about on tip-toe and spoke in awe-struck whispers as we gazed at the terrible, hair-cloth furniture, the massive, polished table that one would never dream of touching, the tall, old clock with its moon-face, the chest of drawers exhaling spicy odors, the great books of the family geneology in which we could trace out all our family and such quantities of cousins, if Great-grandmother would allow us to carry the choice volumes into the sitting-room. Last of all, we would be allowed one curious peep into the band-box which held Grandmother's very best bonnet and the veil she bought in war time and never wore, then we would emerge, with a feeling of relief, into the light once more, and follow the quick old lady to the "buttery" where there were rows and rows of such charming old dishes,—beautiful pink and white ware, and blue ware, the china set with little purple flowers on it, glass dishes with stars and generals and flags, queer-shaped cream pitchers and sugar-bowls and preserve-jars, each with a history of its own and, best of all, the bright pewter plates that were our Great-great grandmother's pride when she first went to house-keeping in the days of George Washington and the Revolution.

Next, there was the spacious kitchen that called up visions of merry-makings, baking-days and grand company dinners, but we did not linger long in the kitchen if Great-grandmother asked us how we would like to go up stairs. That invitation was always unhesitatingly accepted, so up the broad stairs we went to the great, bare, unused chambers where there were delightful high-post bed-steads, heavy old muskets that we tried in vain to lift, powder horns of strange shapes and many sizes hung in unexpected places, silent, old clocks, and mysterious chests, great heaps of butternuts and walnuts on the floors, and altogether the most charming, unfamiliar sights and odors that one could imagine. From these front-rooms we went back again into the unfinished attic chamber where bunches of fragrant herbs hung from the rafters, strings of dried apples and pumpkins were arranged in long festoons and the spinning-wheels, great and small stood around the walls. One little flax-wheel was my especial delight; I never could help lingering near it, but, when Great-grandmother overheard my exclamation that I wished it were my own, and asked me how I would use it, I hesitated and could find no satisfactory reply; so she only looked down upon me with a pitying smile and led us all down stairs again. Never shall I forget the first time I was allowed to go up, all alone, to see if the door of the west chamber was surely closed. How intense and oppressive the silence was! and yet it was all alive with rustlings and echoes and flitting shadows, as I trod on the bare floors. Very straight ahead I looked, and very boldly I walked through the great rooms, but there was no temptation now to linger and even the dear, little flax-wheel could not draw my steps aside from the direct course to the stairs.

The flower-garden had to be visited, of course. We must measure the growth of the ancient wistaria vine that overhung the wide, front door; we must admire the new variety of extra-double holly-hocks at the end of the row, and pass in and out among the beds renewing our acquaintance with the familiar plants, learning the names, and givers and peculiar properties of the new ones and being introduced to them all as Great-grandmother's friends and pets.

This ended the regular sight-seeing and we would run off to play in the old barn or down by the willow-shaded creek where, long ago, with great glee, I caught my first fish, and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, cried lustily until someone came to take the poor little creature off my hook. When we were tired of sailing boats, and con-

structing elaborate dams and water-courses, we would trudge back across the meadow and over a very unsteady plank spanning the grass-grown, unused mill-race, to present ourselves in the dining room for the crowning feature of our visit, a repast at which we partook generously of Grandmother's delicious preserves and never–to–be–forgotten cherry-pie. Then when the sun was set, and our pockets had been well crammed with nuts, we would say "Good-bye" to Great-grandmother and to Beauty and set out for home, looking back at the turn of the road to see the old house standing there in the twilight, square and white among the trees.

Amy Augusta Whitney, Sp.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SATURDAY evening Freeman was again the scene of festivity, the occasion being the Class Social of the Juniors. The reception rooms presented a pretty picture, decorated as they were with Ninety-two's own favorite oak. After greetings were exchanged and a few moments of social intercourse indulged in, a summons came from below, and all repaired to the dining-room anxious to see and hear all that was to be seen and heard. The following program, presented at the door, served to increase the curiosity of all.

"Mrs. Jarley's well-known, world-wide, wonderful wax works will wepwesent what we (with Wellesley) were working won winter."

And they did represent the workings, of one winter to perfection. Mrs. Jarley and her worthy assistant deserve great credit for the admirable way in which their figures portrayed the trials and tribulations of Ninety-two's Sophomore year. The ladies were highly edified and entertained as was manifested by the frequent signs of approval and applause. Each group presented was very interesting and each deserves special mention, would time and space permit. Ninety-two in her nun, like garb escorted white-robed Ninety-three to the Sophomore reception. The figures were exceedingly life-like and worked admirably, although Ninety-two would persist in getting ahead of Ninety-three. There was also a faint representation of a watery reception given at one time by Ninety-three to Ninety-two, but of this we will forbear to speak. Malice, in the guise of Puckle assaulted poor Ninety-two, but Mrs. Jarley feared that this group could not be seen so effectively as the atmosphere was rather Ha(y)zy. Poor Puckle was finally knocked over by the giddy German girl and sustained such injuries that he was declared unfit for further use. In the representation of a well-remembered mass-meeting the audience was astonished to find that the figures were endowed with instruments of speech as well as of locomotion when a wild medley of Ki Yis and Tra-la-la-las filled the air. One Japanese maiden claimed special attention by the way in which she brought herself into prominence. Mrs. Jarley finally became prophetic and gave us glimpses of some things that might be expected at Ninety-two's Junior Promenade should she be fortunate enough to have one. Mrs. Jarley received a valuable addition to her noted works in the course of the evening. A representation of our immediate predecessors presented her with a most excellent figure of Sylvanus Thompson, which will always be regarded as one of the choicest pieces in the whole collection. The whole affair was one of the deepest interest to the spectators who only could enjoy it to its fullest extent. Time would go in spite of all efforts to prolong it and the Freeman clock admonished us to disperse. Miss McAlarney gave us a happy send-off in a delightful little solo and the pleased Juniors wound down the hill to their several abodes.

WELLESLEY was especially favored Monday night in being able to hear an address from Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild on the occasion of the Memorial Service for the Founder of the College. Mrs. Guild had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Durant during his life time, so that she was able to place his personality vividly before the students, and to show the character of the man in all its strength and nobility. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer opened the services with prayer, and during the evening several of Mr. Durant's favorite hymns were sung. Mrs. Guild spoke of the joy which was felt by those who were privileged to come before the College and tell of the wonderful life and character of its Founder, but everything, she said, that could be told, was very inadequate, and far from showing the real depths of tenderness, strength, and love of his nature. His personality, she said, was very striking. His figure was straight, alert, and active, his head strong and powerful, and his eyes dark and piercing, and capable of hardening into sternness, or softening into tenderness. His mouth was firm and strong. Such was the personal appearance of Mr. Durant. In character he was naturally retired, quiet, and reserved, fitted for the life of a dreamer and a poet, but, throwing aside all aversions to an active life, he entered the bar and soon became one of the foremost in the profession. Then a great change came over his life. Through a deep experience of bitter sorrow, he was lead to look at the inner life of man, at truth as it is, and he consecrated his heart to the service of God, his master. Then it was that he saw the need of a suitable institution of learning for women, where they might be taught to live true Christian lives, as well as scholarly lives, and he

founded Wellesley. Mr. Durant had a profound regard for intellect. He loved learning, and delighted to note the development of the mind. His intellectual gifts were often shown to the students. His executive ability was displayed by the readiness in which he overcame all obstacles, carried out his plans for the college and established his ideas of the courses of work. By nature he was an artist and poet, but his large mind comprehended the scientific progress of the age, and laid the foundation of the fine scientific courses pursued at Wellesley. He supplied the students with everything to make their life attractive. Beautiful statues and pictures were placed within the buildings, and the grounds were arranged in the most artistic way. The eloquence for which Mr. Durant was noted, was best shown at the College in addressing his students. His soul was in his work, and his talks were wonderfully inspiring and beautiful. He felt a fatherly tenderness and love towards the students. He was interested in their plans and work, and always ready with help and advice. He gave them the library and the Browning room. The Greek letter societies were planned and organized by him, and everything that the girls undertook was sure to meet with enthusiasm and practical encouragement from him. He was not merely an elderly adviser and friend, but he was a comrade and companion in all their enjoyments, a sharer in all their doubts and troubles. The greatest thing in Mr. Durant's nature was his spiritual life. His devotion to God was like a flame of fire in its intensity and singleness. Throughout his life he was a strong, brave and urgent soldier of Christ. Mrs. Guild dwelt particularly upon Mr. Durant's high conception of woman. He was fortunate in having his life influenced by only that which is pure and noble in woman, so that he formed only the highest, truest ideals. He looked always for the soul in woman, and the one thing that endeared him in the hearts of the students was the uplifted, pure spirituality which demanded from them only the best, and aroused in them the truest and noblest aims. Mr. Durant realized that the welfare of the country lay not so much in the physical nature of its people, as in their inner life, and he knew that upon the children of the time rested its future success. Therefore he founded Wellesley, that the students who went from its doors might be fitted to teach these children the noblest truths, and train them for their future life of responsibility. The things of greatest service in the world are not books, but true, noble, and inspiring lives. Such a life was that of Mr. Durant, the founder of our College. Through the study of it we can best understand eternal life, and the life of the soul in its obedience to God. It is safe to say that all the students who heard Mrs. Guild were deeply impressed by the beauty of the life which she so clearly placed before them, and that, although none of them ever saw Mr. Durant or heard him speak, they felt that they had known him, his aims and purposes, and that his influence still extends over the "College Beautiful," a source of inspiration and help.

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On Sunday, October 5, Rev. A. S. Twombly, of Charlestown, preached in the College Chapel. The subject of the sermon was taken from the thirteenth verse of the second chapter of second Corinthians, "Comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

* * *

Their Junior year with all its Rubicons was passed: and with the real delight of a fisherman for a fish story, and of a hunter for a bear story, the Ninety-ones gathered in the gymnasium Saturday night to hear a genuine Ninety-one story. Each member of the class, as she entered the gymnasium, was given a dainty program with cover cleverly painted in water-color: from this she learned that a Medley was to be presented entitled, "Looking Backward." There were to be three cantos, each with several most attractive looking headings. You must not know all about it, for, there were secrets that cannot be divulged, but this much we can tell you. A drab (that is bard spelled backwards because instead of singing songs of the future, she conjured up scenes of the past,) by some mysterious art caused all the events of pleasure, and some of pain which occurred in the Junior year, to be re-enacted before the audience, as they reclined in Oriental fashion on richly upholstered matresses and cushions. Junior elections, in all their sweet unity, Junior History in its tabulated dignity, Junior Rhetoric with Mr. Genung, Junior plays even to the scraps of paper, Junior Logic with Barbara, Junior Physics with Sylvanus, Junior Promenade with Tupelo and a real live young man, came on the stage and were for the time, made to dance to a student's music, and sport for a student's amusement; and the class Glee-Club sang, dear old tunes in bran new dresses made from whole cloth for the occasion,—songs of study and the love of it; songs of the Promenade and the love of it; songs, yes truly, songs of naughtiness and the love of it, and songs of unity and the love of it. The honorary members, Dr. Robinson and President Shafer were not forgotten and it almost seemed as though they were there,—but there was one who, though nearer in matter of miles, was a long way from us in spirit. After the presentation of the history, a welcome refreshment, sweet and dainty, was served and liberally partaken of. Then the gymnasium was turned into a grand ball-room and every member of the class followed Milton's gentle command to

> "Come and trip it as you go
> On the light fantastic toe."

Now a secret. There were staid maidens there who had never before wheeled in the airy mazes—ministers' daughters and deacons' daughters and all that; but when Yankee Doodle's gay strains announced a Virginia reel, every maiden found a partner and they danced one and all. It was truly a social, and with happy smiles coming from warm hearts, three good cheers were given for Miss Baldwin and Miss Look, and the Junior year was ended.

* * *

On Monday, Sept. 29, while many of the Juniors were wishing that for two short hours they might be Sophomores again, and join in the expected festivities of the evening, certain little notes, left at their doors, banished all envious thoughts, and caused them to feel that Juniors were quite the proper things to be after all. The little notes, with their dainty seals, looked very promising, and when they were opened, and proved to be invitations to an "Art Exhibition," given at Waban Cottage that evening, the Junior heart beat fast with joy and excitement. There was something delightfully mysterious about it all, and many and various were the conjectures as to what the "Art Exhibition" might be. The doors, it was announced, would be open at seven, and, of course, everyone was prompt. Waban's soft-lighted parlor looked particularly cheerful and cosy that evening, and it was soon filled with Juniors, their faces bright and happy in anticipation of the good time in store for them. After a few moments of social talk, the hostesses, Miss Underwood and Miss Brown, lead their guests from the parlor to the art gallery: and there, one by one, was displayed the most wonderful, most unique and most interesting collection of drawings, ever brought together on the face of the earth. The only traces of the marvellous exhibit, visible to the guests as they entered, were several sheets of brown wrapping paper fastened to the wall on one side of the room. On this paper each girl in turn displayed her artistic ability, and drew, as best she could, the picture of some animal whose name was whispered into her ear, very cautiously, by the leader. Fifty seconds was allowed each girl for her drawing, and, while it was in progress, the others wrote down upon cards presented to them their guesses as to the name of the animal before them. One by one the girls bravely made their little attempts, and the results created much fun and laughter. The menagerie is yet to be found that contains a collection of animals half so marvellous as those which the vivid imaginations of the Juniors pictured. Everything from a Jersey mosquito to an Ichthyosauros, from a cat to an ichneumon 'glowered fiercely from its background of brown wrapping paper, and puzzled the wits of the spectators. The fact that the chameleon looked like a chicken, and that the tarantula was supposed to be a lion may prove that in several cases the anatomy of the beasts was slightly peculiar, to say the least. But then the study of anatomy does not come into the course in Freshman drawing. If it did certainly the one Senior, who tried her skill, would not have been obliged to draw a pig for a cat, because of inability to draw anything else. After twenty strange specimins had been judged upon, and the supposed names written down upon each of the little white cards, the exhibition was over, and the prizes were awarded. To '92's vice-president, who had far ecclipsed the others in the accuracy of her guesses was awarded a large bunch of beautiful asters. To the unfortunate Junior who made but four correct guesses, was presented a gay little Noah's ark that she might familiarize herself with the appearance of the various members of the Animal Kingdom. After the awarding of the prizes the guests returned to the parlor, where chocolate and wafers, and of course animal crackers were served. But Silent Time was approaching, and so with many thanks to their kind hostesses, for the pleasant evening given them, the girls bade farewell to Waban's pretty parlor, and turned their steps dutifully in the direction of the College.

A SPRAY OF JESSAMINE.

I hold it in my hand — and lo!
The Southern night is over me,
Through quaint old streets I seem to go,
In Spanish city by the sea.

I press it to my lips — and straight,
From carven balcony there flies,
Soft as the sunshine, swift as hate,
Smiles of her Andalusian eyes.

It quivers, and I listen — far
And faint along the dusky street
I hear the plaint of Love's guitar,
In Spanish romance, old and sweet.

I fold it close, where daylight may
Come never near it — for, to me,
It is the flower of night, of gray
Old Spanish cities by the sea.

Margaret Steele Anderson, Sp. '87-'88.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Indianapolis in August 1890, Prof Hallowell was elected a Fellow of the Association.

Rev. J. Galbraith, of Worcester, will preach in the Chapel next Sunday. On the Sunday following, Rev. C. H. Oliphant, of Meteuen, will preach.

Our first concert will be given in the Chapel next Monday evening.

Miss Clelia Mosher, of '93, has been suddenly called home by the sad news of the death of her father.

Mr. Louis Ritter, of Boston, is Director of the School of Art in Miss Bothe's place. He will be at Wellesley Tuesday and Friday mornings.

There are so many Freshmen that two new divisions in Bible have been made. Miss Wilson and Miss Gilchrist will have charge of them.

Miss Mc Pherson, '93, has returned to College. She has been kept away several weeks on account of illness.

Miss Plant, formerly of '92, spent Sunday at Wood Cottage. She was at Ann Arbor last year, and expects to be abroad during this coming year.

Although so many of the students applied for tickets to the Symphony Concerts, only about half a dozen were able to get them, on account of the great rush for them in Boston.

Thursday of last week was a fine day for the beginning of the annual tennis tournament The bank by the tennis grounds was lined with spectators, all eager for the fray. The preliminary round began as follows:— Miss Feeny defeated Miss Chapman; - 6—2, 6—1, Miss Thayer defeated Miss Martha Wilcox; 6—3, 6—0, Miss Carter defeated Miss Brush; - 6—3, 6—0. The games were not as uneven as the scores would seem to indicate. Especially the match between Miss Thayer and Miss Wilcox was interesting and well contested. Miss Thayer plays as strong a game as ever, and the spectators on the bank gave many proofs of their appreciation of good tennis.

The same day that witnessed the opening of the tennis tournament saw a gay company start from the College on a cycling expedition. They represented all degrees and classes, from Faculty to Freshman;—Miss Knox, Miss Woodford, Miss Underwood, Miss Foley, Miss Lutz, Miss Harrison and Miss Voss. Their destination was Newton Lower Falls, but it was beyond there that they actually enjoyed their supper. Miss Bessie Stewart, Miss May West, Miss Mothershead and Miss Sue Taylor followed the cyclists in a carriage, and happened in very luckily, for at Wellesley Hills Miss Voss's machine gave out, and she and Miss Woodford would have lost all the sport, had they not been taken in by the driving party. They returned by moonlight, reaching Wellesley sometime before eight o'clock.

Last Monday afternoon, Miss Coman took her Political Economy Class to visit the watch factory at Waltham. They started from the College at half past one, in high spirits for the eight mile drive. Once arrived at Waltham, the question arose as to which door they should enter, for one vast expanse of factory with doors at regular intervals, met their view as they descended from the barges. The third attempt to enter proved successful, and they started on their tour of investigation into the three thousand seven hundred and forty-six operations which enter into the making of a Waltham watch. Their guide did all he could to satisfy the insatiable curiosity of these twenty-two damsels, all eager to learn. The immense factory proved bewildering. even to those accustomed to College Hall; and the party was continually leaving behind some of its members, engrossed in watching the formation of infinitesimal screws, or the diamond cutting of jewels. The operatives were as interested in imparting knowledge as their listeners were in obtaining it, and two hours flew so quickly that they could hardly believe they had had double the time of last year's class. The most interesting things of all were the automatic machines; they seemed like things alive, with their many and intricate movements. A great part of the way home was occupied with the discussion of their wonders, and with the solution of the following problem,— "If forty machines worked by five men can do in one hour, what thirty men could formerly do in a day; what is the saving of labor force?"

Last Saturday, Dr. Webster gave an afternoon tea in honor of Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, of Oxford, who was her guest at Wood during the last week. Miss Smith has written a number of books on subjects in antiquity among them a work on Miracle Plays which is soon to be in the College library. Mrs. Durant and some of the members of the Faculty were invited to meet her, and a few outside guests from Lynn and Boston Among these was Dr. Brooke Herford, of Boston, cousin of Miss Smith. Four of the members of Dr. Webster's table poured tea, and also a few from her Philology Class. Her flowers were magnificent, and the first tea in the Faculty parlor proved a very successful one.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

'80 DECENNIAL.

THE Decennial Reunion of the Class of '80 was held at the Black Rock House, Nantasket, on June 26. Not even the deeply regretted absence of its beloved President could daunt the spirit of '80, as was proved by the fifteen happy members who were present. After a pleasant dinner they withdrew to a position commanding a beautiful sea-view, and there exchanged the histories and results of their past ten years. Interesting letters were read from far-away class-mates, and it was announced with mutual congratulation, that '80 had sixteen brothers and twenty-five babies. Photographs of these recruits, as well as of the original force, and literary productions of the latter, were circulated freely. An adjourned meeting of those who could extend their stay, took the form of a delightful drive, at the invitation of the one brother who had awaited this opportunity while shut out from the secret conclave, and who now discreetly "made himself as much a girl as possible," as his guests appreciatively expressed it. The evening closed with another memorable talk, and on the next day the lingerers resolved themselves into a committee to visit those of the unfortunate absentees who were in the vicinity of Boston, and to carry them such consolation as friendly faces and a full report could afford.

The more tender and sacred associations of the time were exquisitely expressed in a poem which was sent for the occasion by '80's noble President, and which is here subjoined:

"From the gowan banks and the braes of heather,
My heart spreads wing for the sunset shore,
Where class beloved, you are met together
Once more.

"And yet not all. By the miles of clover,
By the emerald leagues of this ocean wall,
And ah! by the death-cloud brooding over,
Not all.

"Forgive me! all. Can we journey higher
And not come closer? As spirits greet,
So here, to-day, from the sweet home places,
The stranger land and the starry spaces,
O'er the years that, parting, have brought us higher,
We meet."

A MEETING of the Wellesley Alumnae of Maine was held in Portland, August 12, to form a state association. The following officers were elected: — Miss Tolford of Gorham, '83, President; Miss Thompson of Topsham, '87, Vice-President; Miss Libby of Richmond, '89, Recording Secretary; Miss Burgess of Portland, '90, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Hathaway, of Wordford, '90, Treasurer; Miss Rounds, '87, Miss Hathaway, '90, and Miss Burgess, '90, Executive Committee. It was voted to hold an annual meeting in Portland during the summer. The objects of the association are pecuniary aid to the College and the advance of higher education among women.

MISSES Anna Palen, '88, Clara Barker, '89, and Mary Tefft, '89, have returned from their European trips. Misses Abbie Goodloe, Annie Dingley and Sadie Robson, all of '89, are still abroad.

MISS Edith Sturgis, '89, has entered upon a medical course in the University of Michigan.

MISS Caroline L. Williamson, '89, is to conduct classes in literature at the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, Ill.

MISS Tillie Denkmann, '86, is studying art in Germany this year.

MISS Helen A. Hawks, '87, has been appointed professor of Mathematics and History in Milwaukee College.

MISS Rosa Dean, '90, has a position as proof reader in the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

MISS Marion Ely, '88, is teaching Latin and Literature in the High School at Englewood, Ill.

MISS Jeanette C. Welch, '89, is studying in the Kindergarten department of the Normal College, New York City.

MISS Alice L. Brewster, '89, resumes her position in the High School, Westboro, Mass., and Miss May M. Fine, '89, remains in the Franklin School, Germantown, Pa.

Miss Ethel Paton, '89, is teaching in a College Preparatory School at her home, East Orange, N. J.

Miss Julia Bissell, '85, has been the guest of Miss Florence Homer, '86, for a few days, during which she spoke before the Congregational Club on Mission Work in India.

Miss Lora W. Lane, student at College '86-'89, is teachiug in the High School at Lexington, Mass.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE Freshman class of Harvard numbers 357. Memorial Hall opened with a number of applicants exceeding by over two hundred the capacity of the hall.

COLUMBIA College has given from among its duplicates 1600 volumes to the University of Toronto, whose library was destroyed by fire last February.

THE Cliosophic and American Whig literary societies at Princeton, the oldest institutions of the kind in the country, have just received into membership, the one 132 of the new men, the other 143.

THE Freshman class of the University of the Pacific threatens to go in a body to the state university. The trouble began in a class "rush." The Freshmen were ordered to make restitution in money for damages done and failing to do so, were suspended for thirty days.

YALE'S professors and graduates have been prominently identified with the work of preparing the new edition of Webster's Dictionary that is soon to be issued, ex-President Porter having been the chief editor. The revision of definitions in the arts and sciences has been intrusted principally to Yale professors.

THE Senior engineers at Swarthmore College, Penn., have begun to build a railroad. It is to run through the college grounds and back into the country. Some parts of the road present difficulties as great as can well be found in hill-work.

THE Sophomore class of Haverford College gave a collation to the Freshman class, a new form of welcome to take the place of the old method, — hazing. The only Sophomoric feature of the occasion was a fatherly warning to the Freshmen to observe due respect toward all upper-class men.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY formally opens this year a Graduate School. This department, as finally organized, is as completely a school as any of the others. It has its administrative board and its dean appointed by the corporation as have the others. The list of courses selected as suitable for graduate students are in the following departments: Semitic Languages and History, Classical Philology and Sanskrit, Modern Languages, Romance Philology, Philosophy, Political Economy, Zoölogy, Geology.

THE night before Yale opened, a rumor, spread through the campus, made the first gathering in Battell Chapel an unusually expectant one. It was said that Pres. Dwight had decided to abandon the old-time custom of allowing the Seniors to bow him out of chapel after service. Not a few of the Seniors are said to have agreed that if Dr. Dwight started out the side door they would break out through one of the other entrances and compel him to pass through their low-bending ranks in the public highway. The President, however, showed no signs of such revolutionary conduct.

WABAN RIPPLES.

OBSERVANT MAIDEN: (noticing the absence from table of several members of the Faculty.) "Where are our faculties tonight?"

SENIOR OPPOSITE: "I am still in full possession of mine.

INSTRUCTOR IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE: "Ah! we will make a day of fun,-delight-enjoyment! We will go to Boston on a regular canary-bird!" (They did go and had a regular lark).

BASHFUL FRESHMAN: "I do like her, but she looks me over from head to foot every time she sees me."

FRIENDLY ADVISOR: "If you really like her you would rather she looked you over from head to foot than *overlooked* you entirely."

JOHNNY: "I wish I had gone to Baker's when I bought this suit. They give you a base ball and a bat too, there."

LITTLE SISTER: (with an air of conviction) "Johnny, I've always noticed that the betterer the things they give you the worser the things you buy."

IRATE SCHOOLMASTER: "Where is Jimmy Paine-why did he not stay to correct that spelling lesson?"

JIMMY'S DESKMATE: "Sir, he said as how he was caught with such a bad *spell* he'd have to go home."

LADY OF THE HOUSE: (to tramp giving him some hash) "Here is something to eat."

TRAMP: "What am I going to eat it with?"

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Go a little farther and you may find a fork in the road."—*Masonic Record.*

HOSTESS TO WILLIE: (who passes his plate the second time for chicken.) "I am sorry, Willie, but there is no more chicken. We had but half a chicken on the table. Won't you have some ham?"

WILLIE: "No thanks; why didn't you kill a whole chicken while you were about it?"

One of our Editors says that she cannot yet see how, "If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he was the daughter of Pharaoh's son."

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